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"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives you complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, and your town, read The Nugget.

Vol. 18, No. 95 | The County Seat Paper | NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA | The Gold Center | MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1944

NEVADA CITY LAD TELLS OF FLEET BATTLE AT LEYTE

Pfc. William Laird, U. S. Marine, who help make an American beach head on Leyte Island, has sent his mother, Mrs. Paul Jurkovich of this city an account of the battle of Surigao Straits. It follows:

It was late afternoon of another blistering hot day somewhere in the Philippines when word was flashed to our task force that the Japanese fleet was on the move and a huge naval engagement might be expected within a matter of hours. Immediately officers and men alike tensed at the thought—Jap air raids were no longer important, merely a nuisance compared to this exciting venture.

The ship took on an air of its own as if feeling the pulse of its crew, if waiting majestically for this long sought chance to prove her worth.

With the usual dusk alert over and the sun sinking into the depths, ammunition was hastily loaded on deck and stowed in rows to await the advancing enemy. Throughout the bay lights were still blinking as final plans were being decided.

The dinner hour was strangely quiet as each man pondered over what the future might hold for him. It isnt easy to acquire a philosophy when danger springs up as quickly and as quietly as this one had. Word was passed visually to our ship of the strength and size of the Jap fleet we were to meet, so all hands were aware of the problem facing us.

Our own force consisted of battleships, cruisers and destroyers, strategically reenforced by a sizeable number of PT boats serving as spotters forty miles away. The Seventh Fleet, in its first major show after many months of routine bombardments in the New Guinea area, was on the spot. Jap units were heavy warships with an unknown number of destroyers, advancing from the south, with the objective of knocking the American forces from newly won Leyte Gulf. They had long boasted of their one big strike to destroy the American fleet, and here it was. The fate of the Philippines hung in the balance.

Seventh Fleet ships got under way and gradually took on their battle lines shortly after sunset M.ost of the crew was on deck, feigning nonchalance, waiting for the call to the battle stations. Time dragged. Hours passed, until it began to look as if the Japs once more had turned tail and run. The mid watch came as usual and everyone became uneasy at the delay. Under a full moon our ships were clearly visible, powerful looking as they glided through the calm sea in search of the enemy.

Suddenly the word went out that our spotting boats had picked up the targets. It was now one thirty and the Japs could be expected within an hour. The PTs, not satisfied with merely spotting the enemy set about to attack him, firing torpedoes at any ship they spied. One David even ventured to strafe a battleship with his forty millimeter gun.

Still the Jap flet came on intent on its aim to destroy our fleet once and for all. Our leading destroyers picked them up several miles away and passed the word. Already guns were beginning to train out, getting the range for the first salvo, the most important thing in an engagement such as this. Few on the ship had ever witnessed a naval battle before, yet all handled themselves like veterans.

Ranges and bearings on the enemy ships kept coming a mile a minute. Seventh fleet ships were ready and eager as the Japs edged closer, and any second the big guns of one of the flet were going to explod.e

At three fifty two our battleships opened up. The cue for all ships to let go. Tracer shells arched out the surprised enemy as ships seemed to fire from every conceivable angle. A Jap battleship was the main target and shells landed around it in a never ending stream. The first salvos were near misses as gunners tried to get the exact range. After that there were no missing. Every ship poured shell after shell into the now flaming warship, until the blaze lit up the horizon for miles around.

Meanwhile the mighty mites of

(Continued on Page Three)

S P TRUCKS TAKE OVER SERVICE IN TWIN CITIES

Red and yellow trucks of the Pacific Motor Trucking Company replaced green trucks of the Nevada County Trucking Company and the Nevada County Trucking Agency in freight deliveries and pick ups in the Grass Valley and Nevada City areas Saturday, signalizing the end of the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railroad subsidiaries that have served the two communities since the railroad was junked two years ago.

L. B. Young vice president and general manager of the Pacific Mofor Trucking Company assisted in launching the transition in service. pointing out that new truck colors are the same as the Southern Pacific streamliners. The company is a supplemental service of the Southern Pacific. V. W. Benefield, assistant superintendent, who with his family will make his home here, stated the trucking company will make straight deliveries to consignees in the two cities, saving time, eliminating double handling, and effecting expedited service.

PARENTS HEAR SON PRISONER OF JAPS IS WELL

Sgt. Robert Kirker, recovering from injuries in the DeWitt General Hospital, near Auburn, was able to give Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Cramer of Grass Valley good news of their son, Roger Cramer, prisoner of war in the Philippines for almost three years. and from whom they had not heard since last March.

In press dispatches Mrs. Cramer read that 83 Americans had been rescued by guerillas when a Japanese prisoner ship in which they were being transported from one island to another, was sunk by an American submarine. Among the names listed was that of Sgt. Kirker of Paradise, Butte County. Getting in touch with his family there the Cramers learned that Kirker was in the DeWitt General Hospital.

Acting on the chance that Kirker might have known their son they visited him and learned that for two years the two boys had been prisoner pals, that Roger was in excellent health all that time, and that he had been the engineer for a miniature work train that carried 2000 prisoners to and from work in the rice fields near Davao, Mindanoa.

Kirker said that Roger Cramer had not been ill a day during that time and that he saw him every day until late in June when Kirker was one of 700 prisoners sent to build a Japanese airbase on another island. Before this was completed they were again being removed when an American submarine sunk their ship, while it was believed enroute to Manila.

The card received by the Cramers in March from their son was one that merely indicated he was still among the living. Japanese censorship is very strict. Mr. and Mrs. Cramer were greatly cheered to learn so much about their son from a bosom friend who had seen him so recently as June.

CHRISTMAS TREE CUTTERS PAY FINES OF $20

Tahoe forest ranger Frank W. Meggers apprehended Tom Southern and H. W. Bolthouse of Pasadena cutting Christmas trees on government land east of Camptonville with out a permit. Southern and Bolthouse paid fines of $20 each in the justice court in Downieville.

Tahoe ranger Paul Case of Nevada City found R. Humble cutting Christmas trees east of Nevada City for personal use without permit. Ranger Case warns that state law prohibits the unauthorized cutting of Christmas trees and shrubs on the land of another without the permission of the owner. Forest officers patrol forest areas during the Christmas tree season to prevent trespass and enforce trespass laws.

Veteran Of First World War Succumbs

Funeral servcies were held Friday under the direction of the Holmes Funeral Home for the late James E. Robertson who passed away Tuesday in the Veterans Hospital at Fort Miley, San Francisco. Rev. Virgil Gabrielli officiated. Interment was in the Catholic Cemeretry.

Robertson, a veteran of the first world war, was a native of West Virginia, aged 48 years. He was a member of the Nevada City post of Veterans of Foreign Wars. Prior to his illness he was a coppersmith in the Moore Shipyards, Oakland. Formerly he resided in Nevada City.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Jessie Robertson of Weimar, Placer County, a son, James Robertson in the U. S. Navy, and three daughters, Mrs. Helen Stromberg and Miss Thelma Robertson of Sonora, and Ila Jean Robertson of San Francisco.

Native Of Grass Valley Is Borne To Rest

Funeral services were held Saturday in the chapel of Hooper and Weaver Mortuary for the late Mrs. Mary Angove Hooper who passed away Thursday at her home on Colfax Avenue in Grass Valley. Rev. Mark Pike conducted the service. Interment was in the Masonic Cemetery.

Mrs. Hooper was a native of Grass Valley 65 years ago. She was a member and past worthy matron of the Order of Eastern Star, Aurora Chapter. Her latter years were spent in San Francisco, where her late husband was a humane officer. About two months ago she returned to Grass Valley in ill health and had been confined to her bed most of the time since her return. She was a niece of Jeremiah Angove of this city.

Nevada City Folks May Tour McClelland Field

H. F. Sofge, secretary of the Nevada City Chamber of Commerce, has received a letter from Secretary-Manager A. S. Dudley of the Sacramento chamber, inviting the Nevada City body to organize a caravan to visit McClelland Field on some day yet to be set.

Dudley writes: "The suggested field tour for your citizens provides an interesting, delightful and educational opportunity which, up to the present time, has not been possible for any other than the military and civilian worker personnel.

Sofge said yesterday that he believed a considerable number of citizens would be interested, and this proved to be the case a bus might be hired to take them down.

Washington Emergency School Opens Today

Walter A. Carlson, county superintendent of schools announces that an emergency school for nine children at Washington, a community on the South Yuba River 17 mile seast of this city, will be opened today. Mrs. Mabel Monkman has been employed as teacher.

The Washington school was declared lapsed by the county board of supervisors in September. But the arrival of several families, the heads of which are employed in a sawmill, now being erected there by the Sacramento Box Company increased the number of school children.

Combat Pilot Aids In War Loan Drive

Lieut. Herman Busse, fighter pilot with a record of 30 combat missions was a visitor in Grass Valley today, making two addresses in behalf of the Sixth War Loan.

He spoke before the Rotary Club at its luncheon meeting in Bret Harte Inn and showed a sound piciture, the 95th Day, a documentary film of that day in the South Pacific war front. This evening he will address the Laymeth Club in Wesley Hall at 6:30.

He arrived in Grass Valley in an amphibious "duck", which was placed on display, and in which war bond buyers were given free rides.

Elks Hold Annual Lodge Of Sorrow

The annual lodge of sorrow in which Grass Valley and Nevada City Elks join was held last evening in Grass Valley. Exalted Ruler Arthur Hooper presided. Rev. Frank Buck, rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church delivered the memorial address. Vocal numbers were sung by L. W. Hooper accompanied by Jerry Austin.

LITTLE BUSINESS WAR HURTS HEAL

By LEONE BAXTER

One of the first casualties of the war, hard hit in the months immediately after Pearl Harbor and in generally poor health ever since—today is reported past the crisis and mending rapidly, Little business, in several departments at least, is on the up grade.

Unable in earlier months of the war to get priorities on tools, materials, financing or workmen, and already weakened by years of skimpy depression diet, small businesses by tens of thousands closed their doors. Small scale retailers faced the same sad situation. Their casualty rate climbed.

And what happened to the businessman whose savings and personal enterprise for years were tied up in those little grocery stores, restaurants, confectionery, radio repair stores, furniture and clothing stores—whose shelves were suddenly as empty as an A driver's gas tank on a week end?

The older men who didn't go to war went into the war industries, and began again to build their stake toward personal independence. That many are succeeding is indicated by figures released by the state board of equalization on the usdden rebirth of little business throughout the state.

In the three years immediately following the outbreak of war, 32,870 stores closed their doors, as the conversion to a war ecenomy upset the retail distribution system. Beginning in July last year, however, the number of re openings began to climb slowly, and net gains of 10,709 were recorded up to the end of August this year.

That the trend is really the flush of health and not a sudden fever is shown by the steady ,unwavering climb of the figures. The last five months of the survey showed 56 per cent more re-openings than the nine month period preceding it, with gains in 41 of the 45 general business categories studied. Those included service stations, restaurants, furniture, clothing and grocery stores, gift shops, confectioneries, music stores and photographic supply shops.

The business thermometer shows something besides the improving condition of little business—something equally indispensable to the national economic health. It shows that the current resuscitation is but an outward evidence of a deep seated more fundamental condition—a condition of revived confidence of the patient himself in his ability to get well.

It indicates that many people are not dissipating their war savings, waiting for the government to create post war jobs for them, it shows a renewed belief in the future of small business and in the future of men who strive to work out their own salvation.

BOOK TREASURES OF JOHN HENRY NASH ARE SHOWN

BERKELEY, Dec. 4—Treasures from the library assembled by John Henry Nash, distinguished San Francisco printer, and presented as a recent gift to the University of California by the Milton S. Ray family and the Ray Oil Burner Company are now on display in the library on the Berkeley campus.

The exhibit includes rare incunabula, books printed up through 1500 volumes famous in printing history modern fine printing, the entire works from Nash's press and a selection from the limited editions club, of which the Nash collection contains a complete set. The collection may be seen the remainder of the year in the main hallway and adjacent west corridor on the second floor of the library.

Miss Helen Butz, employed in defense work in the bay area spent the past week end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Butz. She resides with the Ribble family former Nevada City residents, in Alameda.

WORKERS IN BAZOOKA PLANT HONORED

BRIDGEPODT, SHRDLU

BRIDGEPORT, Conn. Dec. 4—Thousands of General Electric workers were honored recently for "the splendid and patriotic service" by Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson in a ceremony highlighted by the presentation of the company's 300,000th bazooka to the Army.

Patterson on the behalf of the Army accepted the bazooka from the company which pioneered the development and production of the powerful midget tank buster. In the early days of the war, Patterson told the workers. 'the infantrymen were worried because they had no light shoulder weapon to put them on equal terms with the tanks." Today, Patterson continued, there is one of your bazookas in each platoon and the inantryman is firm and confident in handling any weapon the Germans send against him."

Patterson also revealed the first bazookas were issued to troops aboard ship bound for the invasion of North Africa in 1942. Although the troops had no time or opportunity for action, he said the bazookas did rapid and efficient work as soon as our soldiers put them in action.

Patterson was escorted to the ceremony by Charles E. Wilson, president of General Electric, Brig. Gen. Guy H. Dreyry, chief of the Springfield Ordnanace District, H. L. Andrews vice president in charge of the appliance and merchandise department, other company executives and local army and navy officials.

Wilson told the workers he was glad to be back at the old home works, and that one of the most gratifying things about coming back to the company and especially to Bridgeport, is to find that the employees emphasis is still 100 per cent on war production, as indeed it should be until that victory which is surely coming shall be ours.

W. Stewart Clark, local works manager, explained the bazooka is only symbolic of the manay important war products this plant has turned out, and said the rocket launcher was singled out because it had captured the imagination of millions.

At the present time, General Electric manufactures three different types of bazookas; the paratroop model which can be folded and is easier to handle than the older type; the flying bazooka for fighter planes; and the newest addition to the family, the portable field artillery bazooka which fires a 4.5 inch projectile. Tubes for the last two models are made from a special paper plastic.

KEY TO KENNY TREATMENT OE POLIO FOUND

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 4—Success of methods used in the Kenny treatment of poliomyelitis is due to the fact that muscles act together in a pattern of movement and that motion and motion alone, is the stimulus to establish this pattern. So say doctors Verne T. Inman, instructor in anatomy, J. B. Saunders, professor of anatomy and Leroy Abbott professor of orthopedic surgery in the Medical School on the San Francisco campus of the University of California.

There is no such a thing as a prime mover of muscles these doctors say, there are only patterns of muscle action. These patterns of muscular activity cannot be reduplicated by voluntary contraction of the individual muscle by the patient but only by starting the motion which stimulates the proper muscles.

Long accepted principles as published in most text books that an individual muscle has but one function has proved to be wrong. Sampling of various portions of individual muscles by the new electrical method shows that each portion of a muscle can act independently but also in harmony with other muscles to make a pattern which produces coordinated movement, the doctors say.

SERVICE MEN TO BE WELCOMED IN UNIVERSITY

BERKELEY, Dec. 4—Assimilation of returning veterans into university life and providing for them the courses and the job and personal counseling they need and want, is recognized by institutions of higher learning as their most immediate and challenging responsibility. So says the University of California Bureau of Public Administration after a survey of post war planning for education.

Planning for the veterans return so far has been fragmentary and tentative it is said, with reluctance on the part of most college authorities to make elaborate plans for a group of students whose educational abilities and requirtments are unpredictable and may be radically different from those of the student coming directly from high school. From the preliminary work done, six points have evolved, the report says.

No general lowering of standards, but arrangements to permie veterans to make entrance defiiences, examinations to ascertain his rights to college credits and evaluation of college courses he has taken in the service, refresher courses, more latitude in choice of courses than previously allowed ordinary students, need for special counseling on personal and job problems, and individual treatment for individual veterans with an attempt to assimilate them into the student body as quickly as possible.

HEAVY RAINFALL IN SIERRA CO.

DOWNIEVILLE, Dec. 4 — The Downieville district of the Tahoe, experienced the heaviest rainfall in history announced district ranger F. B. Delaney. The automatic recording rain gauge located at the Downieville ranger station shows 12.73 inches of recipitatnn fell during November, bringing the total rainfall to date to 17.09 inches, as of 8 a. m. November 30. The total this date last year was 5.18 inches. Delaney states that only four times during the past 34 years has the November precipitation exceeded the amount which fell this past month. During the winter of 1909, the November rainfall measured at Downieville was 14.12 inches; 1920 was 17.18 inches; 1926 was 22.23 inches, and 1927 was 12 .71 inches.

Fire control assistant, William A. Nelson and Scaler Fred T. Rixey of the Downieville district of the Tahoe national forest left Tuesday morning for the Gold Lake country in the high Sierras, to spend two weeks vacation trapping the prized little brown fur bearers, the Sierra marten, commonly called the pine marten. This beautiful little animal is found along the high ridges and lodgepole flats of our high country and is caught by hanging the trap on the sides of trees. Another fur bearer who makes his home in our high country, is the mountain weasel which along with the marten, is found in fair numbers. The fur quality of these two animals is excellent. It is only the experienced and seasoned trapper who will brave the severe storms and blizzards of our high Sierras in search of a catch of marten and mountain weasel.

Miss Billie Keller Weds Louis Rogato

Miss Billie Keller and Louis Rogato were married here Saturday evening by City Judge Miles Coughlin at a pretty ceremony in the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Marv Keller, on Gethsemane Street.

The bride is a graduate of the Nevada City High School and Mount St. Mary's Academy in Grass Valley and has been employed by the Inter-County Title Company here. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Rogato of Sacramento. He is a graduate of the Sacramento High School and last summer served as life guard of the municipal pool

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder about many things
Beyond my comprehension.
And some of them, I must confess,
Excite my apprehension.

Upon a time, now long ago, in company with three other youngsters, I sat perched upon a petrified log, just within the confines of the Manzanita mine, on the North San Juan Ridge, Nevada County, and joined in a general discussion of subjects far beyond our immature powers of comprehension.

Before us lay the scoured bed of a prehistoric river and just beyond, the bare surface of an embankment from which the processes of hydraulic mining had ripped all movable material. The exposed portion suggested layer cake to little Miss Flora, but the school master's brother offered the word, geology, and so it was that we began to speake and talk of the earth's strata, its firm rock foundations and its eerie ability to swing along through space without visible means of support. We wondered why didn't we fall off when it turned upside down and why ancient rivers ran north and south instead of east and west as the Yuba did, and how long it taak nature to turn a living tree into solid stone. Oh, we had questions enough to supply all the quizz programs for months but having no substantiated answers, we proceeded to make them up.

Finally we returned to our respective homes, perhaps not much wiser, but happier, for each one of us had found specimens for the home cabinets, and each one had become a bit more inquisitively aware of this world and its manifold wonders.

Funny little children of the long ago, growing up in an isolated mining community of the Sierras, under conditions which many people might regard as painfully restrictive, how did they occupy their time? Were they not often bored? ?

As I recall those halycone days of yore, it seems to me that there was never a dull moment. True, we had no radios, movies, no automobiles and comic strips, and our methods of locomotion, walking, riding and driving never carried us far from home, but there was compensations. North San Juan was our big town, homes were happy parents and teachers kind and understanding and we found never ending delight, entertainment and instruction in hills and forests, rivers and little brooks, birds and flowers, and in that great volume of geology, the Manzanita diggings, in which we found many a sermon in stones and received amazing revelations concerning the earth's formation, up building and its ancient history.

I wonder if we of the horse and buggy age would have responded as gallantly and efficiently to the complex conditions which now face the children and young people of these modern times. Would we have sacrificed our plans and our dreams as uncomplainingly and performed arduous and dangerous tasks as valiantly? That is a question which excites my apprehension for I m not prepared to answer it.

Uncle Silas says: "Strange things are taking place in our gardens since we began planting vegetables and flowers side by side. Yesterday I saw a pansy looking soulfully at an onion and it seemed to be saying, oh, you are so big and strog, I think you're just wonderful."—A. Merriam Conner.

CANDLELIGHT AND CHAMPAGNE

To readers of romantic fiction, candlelight and champagne represent the conventional backdrop for the pulse quickening love scene.

What man, with such stage props, would dream of mundane milkshakes and bright electric lights? It almost seems like sacrilege. But to Lt. Dan R. Davis of the Army Signal Corps, somewhere in France, whose outfit recently captured a warehouse loaded with German confiscated French champagne, and who writes home by the light of a candle, values have changed.

"Our division captured a warehouse full of champagne and the quartermaster issued it to the troops along with the regular rations," writes Lt. Davis, who was formerly employed by the P. G. and E. at Sacramento and Vacaville. "Our allotment was five quarts per officer. But I would give half a month's pay for an American milkshake."

And as for candles, Lt. Davis remarks: "Well the candles are burning low and I must close before I'm in total darkness. Electric lights will be a luxury to a lot of soldiers after this war. We've almost forgotten what they are."

To the men who face the harsh realities of war, the simple things of every day life back home have an almost priceless value. In late years, they may dramatize the day when they drank a warehouse full of champagne—by candlelight. But when they come home they'll want what most of us take for granted—among other things, bright lights and milkshakes.—Contribute.

THE GREAT TOBACCO FAMINE

What with the cigarette shortage taking up almost as much front page space as the war communiques, it looks as though this country may develop overnight into a nation of snipe-shooters.

Everybody has his theory on how such a dire circumstance as a tobacco dearth could come about. The black market, is the cause most generally cited by the smoke hungry, pungling up a nicgel a cigarette to surreptitious vendors in the shipyards. Others figure that some tavern, bar and shop owners systematically remove the packs—at 15 cents each—from the vending machines and hold them under the counter for 20 to 35 cents.

But the War Food Administration says the main trouble is simply that more people are smoking more, and the country finally has reached the bottom of its supply. This year's tobacco crop may improve the situation—but not until next year. Some reasonableness is lent to that theory by the news that cigarete supplies at the front are low, too. In the Paris black market American smokes are bringing $1.50 a pack.

In the four year period from 1936 to 1940, the WFA points out the cigarette consumption here wos something over eight and a third bilion packs a year. In 1941 it jumped to more than ten and a half billion packs, and regardless of material and manpower shortages in the tobacco industry, it has been going up ever since. The demand of the armed services and of lend lease have increased as the war progressed. And the net result has been the tobacco famine—the greatest subject for griping yet provided by the war.

Troublesome as the shortage is to smokers here at home we never heard of one dying from lack of a smoke, and despite the furor, we don't expect to.—Contributed.

ART SURVIVES ANOTHER WAR

In bombing enemy held territory, the allies have gone to some lengths to protect the great mounments and known are collections, for such works, passed down from generation to generation, constitute a cornerstone of civilization. Such objects form a cultural contiunity from ancient to modern times, and depict the fruitful side of mankind's activities in contrast to the destruction represented by war.

Every war has offered hazards to the accumulated are treasures it encountered. The relics of ancient Rome and Greece bear more scars from the hands of barbarian vandals than from the ravages of time. In the Middle Ages as the veneer of civilization began to settle on men, art treasures suffered less. Many masterpieces on hand today date from that and the Renaissance period immediately following, as cultural appreciation grew among the nations of Europe.

In this war, Germany's sudden disregard of the world's art heritage has occasioned great anxiety over the fate of treasures throughout Europe. Losses have been sustained, but according to late reports from both Italy and France, whose galleries housed many of the world's masterpieces, the greatest damage now seems to have been suffered by architectural works of art rather than among paintings and sclupture. Many objects which art lovers feared for, appear to have escaped damage, though both looting and destruction by the Germans has been widespread.

Much of the credit for the protection of the world's cultural treasures from damage in our bombardments has been due to the Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives section of allied military intelligence, whose job it has been to locate and identify art objects so that they might be spared.

That division deserves world wide gratitude for its efforts —in a period of unparalleled destruction—to presedve some of the good and beautiful things that are the rightful inheritance of all generations to come.—Contributed.

Brother Of Nevada City Man Succumbs

Robert Allen of Boulder Street received a telegram Friday afternoon telling of the sudden death of his brother Henry Allen, justice of the peace in Chico township, in his office that afternoon. He had several severe heart attacks over the past two years. During the Thanksgiving holiday he assisted in entertaining a group of twenty relatives at his home in Chico. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were not able to make the trip.

Henry Allen is a native of Nevada City and has resided in Chico 30 years returning here whenever possible to visit his old home. He was 60 years of age. He also leaves a half brother Gomer Hopkins, Nimrod Street, and sister Mrs. Julia Allen Howe of Gas Point near Stockton. Mr. and Mrs. Allen have gone to Chico to remain until after the funeral services.

Bramble Shark Caught By Scripps Institute

LA JOLLA, Dec. 4—A bramble shark caught off San Pedro, is being processed for preservation at the University of California Scripps Institution of Oceanography by Dr. C. L. Hubbs, professor of biology. It will be sent to the national museum in Washington because of lack of space to care for it at the institution.

This bramble shark is the second on record to have been taken in American waters, the only other being one caught off Provincetown, Mass., in December 1787. The specimen taken near San Pedro was caught in a gill net in about 300 feet of water. It is six feet five inches in length and weighs approximately 100 pounds.

If you need cash for this Christmas remember Timeplan

If Christmas 1944 finds you short of cash, a Bank of America Timeplan personal loan will tide you over. A Timeplan loan may be arranged quickly and without red tape at any branch.

TO HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS 1945 FOLLOW THIS SUGGESTION NOW

Start a Bank of America Christmas Club account at any branch. Save 50¢ or more each week and have ready cash December 1, 1945. Bank of America pays regular savings interest on completed Christmas Club accounts.

Join the Bank of America Christmas Club Now!

In your Christmas gift list, be sure to include War Bonds and Stamps. You may buy them at any branch of Bank of America.

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Another Bus Load of Blood Donors Scheduled

Mrs. John Ddgers, Motor Corps and Blood Donor chairman of the Grass Valley Red Cross Chapter announced yesterday that a Grass Valley school bus will make a second trip to Oakland with volunteers desiring to make blood donations for the armed forces.

Those who wish to make the trip are advised to have a blood check before going, as the hemoglobin count must be at least 80. The Red Cross urges that all who wish to go make their reservations before Friday, December 8th. The bus will leave Saturday at 6 a. m. and return the same day.

NOTICE FOR PAYMENT OF COUNTY TAXES

The taxes on all personal property secured by real property and one-half of the taxes on all real property for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1944, and ending June 30, 1945, will be due on November 1st, 1944, and will be delinquent on the 5th day of December, 1944, at 5 o'clock p. m., and unless paid prior thereto six per cent will be added to the amount thereof, and if said one half be not paid before the 5th day of December, 1944. at 5 o'clock p. m., an additional three per cent will be added thereto. The remaining one half of the taxes on all real property will be payable on and after the first day of January, 1945, and will be delinquent the 20th day of April, 1945(at 5 o'clock p .m., and unless paid prior there to three per cent will be added to the amount thereof together with a further charge of 50c for each lot, piece or parcel of land separately assessed and for each assessment of personal property.

All taxes may be paid at the time the first installment as herein provided is due and payable.

Taxes are payable at the Treasurer's and Tax Collectors office, Nevada County Courthouse, Nevada City, California.

ELMA HECKER,
Ex Officio Collector and County Treasurer, Nevada City, California.

Phone 36 FOR WANT ADS

WANTED POSITION as companion to elderly person or couple. Would do plain cooking. Write care of National Hotel. Doris McDaniel. 2tp

FOR SALE—PINE WOOD — Two tier or more delivered in Nevada City or Grass Valley. Jakes Wood Yard, Cartoscelli Place, Grass Valley-Nevada City Highway. 4-13-1moc

WANTED — Coin collections. L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City. 3mo.-11-13

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE moving in standard furniture van. First class staroge facilities. Furniture bought and sold. Hills Flat Reliable Transfer, Grass Valley, Weekly trips to bay area. Phone 471-W or 39. 3-1tf

EXPERT RADIO REPAIRING — Loud Speaker Systems for Rent. Complete stock of portable and large type radio batteries. ART'S RADIO HOSPITAL — Specialists in Radio ills. 201 Mill Street, Grass Valley. Phone 984 . 2-19tf

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE

NEVADA CITY LAD

(Continued from Page One)

the force were doing their part. Destroyers darted down either side of the straits after the cruisers and other battelsips, launched their torpedoes well into the enemy battle lines. Flames leaping miles ahead of our main body told how well they were succeeding. Another battleship burst into flames, then a cruiser. By now the American ships were picking out other likely targets arching lazy shells that seldom missed. Once our destroyers got in so close to the enemy that we were forced to cease firing until they got out of the way.

For forty five minutes the Japs refused to admit defeat, but finally after finding their major ships aflame and sinking, the few remaining destroyers launched their torpedoes and sped south. Their aim poor in their haste, the tin fish passed wildly through the conquering force and the Japs were done.

Early the following dawn, we set about to find the actual damage our ships had done. Jap ships ablaze on the horizon belched smoke thousands of feet into the air. As we came upon them destroyers turned their guns on the sinking cripples to finish them off so they would never again menace the American fleet. Hundreds of American boys got the thrill of their lifetime when a great salvo burst into what was once a proud Japanese battleship and sank it. The inferno that was blackening the sky two seconds before disappeared. Other destroyers were busy further ahead polishing off the remains of other ships.

All hands were tired, but supremely happy, after a hectic night. One of the greatest victories in naval history was ours and we knew it, and it was a proud crew that sat down to breakfast.

Physicians credit the Grass Valley fire department's resuscitator and its life saving squad with saving the life of the two weeks old son of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Hallenberg.

The infant collapsed of shock during a minor surgical operation. Efforts on the part of two doctors failed to revive him and a hurry call was sent the city fire department. Under the expert handling of Tom Pones, Frank Musee, Clair Hughes, der an oxygen tent, he was reported the resuscitator within a few minutes restored the baby's breathing and the color in its cheeks. He was then removed to the Community Hospital in Grass Valley where un- South Yuba River canyon above as responding well, though not yet completely out of danger.

SUES FOR DAMAGES

Alois Buch has filed suit against Mary Ann Kochi and Wells Incorporated for damages amounting ro $590, allegedly resulting an automobile collision in Grass Valley on September 30th.

The plaintiff asks $340 alleged to have been spent in repairs and for $250 due to the loss of use of the car while being repaired. It is alleged that Mary Ann Kohcis, negligently driving into an intersection, forced the Wells Inc. truck and trailer loaded with lumber to deviate from its course, causing a collision with the plaintiff's parked car.

CHAPTER XIII

Word had come now that the AVG, with General Chennault as Commander, was to be inducted into the Army Air Corps. Chennault, then a General in the Chinese Army but a retired Captain in the U. S. Army, was to be given the rank of Brigadier General to head the China Air Task Force. But from what I had gathered from the few newspapers we had received and from rumors that filtered through, I knew that not many of the AVG were going to accept induction.

There were officious men around the China-Burma-India theater who thought the AVG were unruly and undisciplined. To these statements I always remarked that I wished we had ten such undisciplined groups—for they would have destroyed some three to four thousand enemy airplanes, and that would certainly have hindered the Japanese. There were others who claimed that the fighters of the AVG fought for the high salaries and the extra bonus of five hundred dollars for each enemy plane they shot down. That made me laugh, for I had seen the AVG fight, and later on I was to fly with them against the enemy. I knew those great pilots—I knew that they were great American adventurers who would have fought just as hard for peanuts or Confederate money—as long as they were fighting for General Chennault and were flying those beloved P-40's.

As it stood now: after long hours of combat the men were tired; they had been out of the United States under the most trying conditions for nearly a year. They were all showing combat fatigue and needed a rest. Some of them were combat-weary and ought never to be risked in combat again.

Furthermore, the induction of the AVG had hit a snag, from poor judgment on the part of one man. It seems that someone had lined the boys up for a fight-talk on the glamour of induction into the Army, and had used very little tact. He recited newspaper stories intimating that the AVG fought for the high pay of Camco—between $600 to $750 a month, depending on whether or not the pilot was a wing man or a squadron leader. This salesman went on to state that he sincerely hoped the AVG would accept induction, because if they didn't, and when their contracts with Camco expired, they would probably find their draft boards waiting for them when they stepped off the boat that carried them back to the United States. In that case, they would of course be inducted as privates rather than commissioned as officers.

A large percentage of the AVG are reported to have got up and walked out on the speech. After all, they were high-strung fighter pilots who had fought one of the greatest battles against superior odds that has ever been reported. In this case, they were being threatened without complete knowledge of all the facts involved. I know that from that day on they taught the Chinese coolie boy on the refueling truck jokes about that reverse sales-speech. One involved an expression that of course was never permitted to reach its destination. The boy was trained by some of the AVG—who were leaving China—to run up to every transport that landed, and, as the passengers got out, to repeat for their benefit an unprintable American expression aimed at the speech-maker. The gas-truck coolie would religiously meet every C-47 and with bland countenance would repeat the sentence. Most of the AVG used to make sure that he never reached the transport unloading the right man, but several times it took the best of American flying tackles to stop him in time.

Handled in another way, I believe that every one of the AVG who was physically able would have stayed. As it was, only five pilots remained, and some thirty ground-crew men. We had wanted to divide them into two groups—those who from a physical standpoint badly needed rest in the United States, and those who could stay out in China for six months longer without impairing their health. We were to permit the first group to go home on July Fourth (the day their contracts with Camco terminated) and to remain there on leave for no less than a month, after which they were to come back to China. It is my opinion that at least ninety per cent of the AVG would hve accepted this offer. But as it was, five of the greatest pilots in the world stayed with the group when their contracts expired. And those five were enough.

I went back to India and continued my single-ship raids on the Japs. After my flights with the AVG, the burning of the train in Indo-China, and the news of my one-man war in Burma, the story got to the war correspondents. I began to hear from home in the States that I had been written up as "The One-Man Air Force." From an egotistical standpoint I felt the thrill that a normal person would, but by this time I was beginning to realize that one man and one ship in this type of warfare meant very little.

In the days that followed I sank barges filled with enemy soldiers, bombed enemy columns and strafed enemy soldiers swimming in the water from the barges I had sunk. But when I went back next day there were more and more Japs surging northward into upper Burma towards India. No, the title was an empty one—for even I, with my egotism of success in combat, knew by now that one man could make no real mark on this enemy that we were fighting. I had the satisfaction, however, of knowing that I was learning things. I had the experience of ten years of military flying, and I knew I was a good pilot. The day was going to come when that knowledge of mine, learned the hard way, would help train the new units that would come from home. There is no substitute for combat. You've got to shoot at people while you're being shot at yourself.

For the time being, though, there was just the one ship, and I nursed it like a baby. Flying it constantly, I had begun to feel a part of it. Sometimes at night I'd think of my wife and little girl, but never in combat. Sometimes, coming home after striking the enemy, I'd think of them and they seemed far, far away. Towards the last of May, after I'd flown just about two hundred hours in combat and had gathered about a hundred holes in my ship, I think I must have wondered if I'd ever see them again. I carried a Tommy gun with me in the cockpit of the ship, for at strafing altitude there would probably be no time to bail out with the chute anyway, and I knew that prisoners taken by the Japs receive very harsh treatment, especially those who have been strafing the capturing troops when shot down. With that gun, after my crash landing I'd have one more crack at the Japs—I certainly didn't intend to be captured.

When my imagination failed to supply new tricks like painting the nose different colors and changing the number on the fuselage, I got Sergeant Bonner and my armorer to attach a five-hundred-pound demolition bomb under the little fighter,

A Jap bomber is shot down in Col. Scott's first aerial combat.

for I was planning some real damage to the Japs. This bomb was hooked on to the belly-tank release of the Kittyhawk and overloaded the ship somewhat, but I was to become used to that. With eighteen-hundred-odd rounds of fifty-caliber ammunition, three tanks of fuel, the pilot's weight, and this 500-pound bomb, I was taking off with over 2,500 pounds in the little single-seater. Later we were to increase even this load; but for the time being my wing loading was enough.

Well do I remember the first time I took off with this five hundred pounds of steel and TNT down under my ship. I pulled the heavy little plane off the last few yards of the runway and tried to climb. The straining ship mushed along just over the tea bushes, and I told Sergeant Bonner when I got back that even ten miles from the field I was going along through the tea planters' breakfast rooms, getting my wheels up.

My greatest bombing day came late in the month of May, when I dropped four 500-pound bombs at Homalin, down on the Chindwin, where the Japs seemed to be concentrating. Early in the morning I headed South with the heavy yellow bomb, slowly climbing over the Naga Hills and through the overcast, topping out at 15,000 feet. As I continued South on the course to where the Uyu met the Chindwin River, the clouds lowered but the overcast remained solid. In one hour, computing that I had made the 180 miles to Homalin, I let down through the overcast, hoping that the mountains were behind me. Luck was with me, as it usually was in my single-ship war, and I found the overcast barely a hundred feet thick. I couldn't see Homalin and my target area, but I kept right up against the cloud ceiling and circled warily. I knew that I was in luck: I could drop the bomb and then climb right back into the overcast, no matter how many Jap fighters came to intercept.

Soon I saw my target—and sure enough, there were loaded barges coming out of the broad Chindwin and heading for the docks of Homalin. I continued circling against the clouds at 11,000 feet.

For I had a plan. Dive-bombing from a P-40 is not the most accurate in the world: you can't dive very steeply or the bomb might hit the propeller, and also in too steep a dive it's hard to recover in the high speeds that are built up. It seemed to me that the type of bombing one had to do in order to keep the speed under control and to miss the prop, was more in the nature of glide-bombing. Most beginners, however, are always short with their bombs. That is to say, the projectile strikes before it gets to the target on the line of approach, rather than over it. From my practice bombings on the Brahmaputra, I had developed a rule of thumb: I would dive at some forty-five degrees; then, as the target in my gun-sight passed under the nose of my ship, I would begin to pull out slowly and count—one count for every thousand feet of my elevation above the target. Then as the ship came almost level, if I was at two thousand feet when I reached the count of "two," I'd drop the bomb.

I let the four barges get almost to the makeshift wharf; then I dove from my cloud cover. As I got the middle two barges on my gun-sight, I made a mental resolution not to be short—for even if I went over I'd hit the Japs in the town. As I passed three thousand feet the nearest barge went under me, and I began to pull out and count: "One—two—three—pull"—putting in the extra count to insure me against being short. I felt the bomb let go as I jerked the belly-tank release, and I turned to get the wing out of the way so that I could see the bomb hit.

The five hundred pounds of TNT exploded either right beside the leading barge or between the barge closest to shore and the docks. As the black smoke cleared, I saw pieces of the barge splashing into the river a hundred yards from the explosion. I went down and strafed, but the black smoke was so thick that I could see very little to concentrate on; so I climbed to three thousand feet and waited for the smoke to clear. Then I dove for the two barges that were drifting down the river. I must have put two hundred rounds into each of them. I got one to burning, and from the black smoke it must have been loaded with gasoline. The other would not burn, but I'm sure I left enough holes in it to sink it. Coming back over the target again, I strafed the Japs in the water who were either floating dead or swimming towards shore.

On my second raid I dropped a five-hundred-pound bomb on the largest building in Homalin, which the British Intelligence reported the next day had been the police station. They said that two hundred Japanese were killed in that bombing, and that between six hundred and a thousand were killed in the series of bombings. Many bodies were picked up about thirty miles down the Chindwin at Tamu and Sittiang. All four of my bombs had done some damage, and I was quite satisfied.

In British Intelligence reports I read that Radio Tokyo had mentioned Homalin. One bombing had taken place, it seems, with very slight damage, and that only to the innocent Burmese villagers, but the Imperial Japanese Army had evacuated Homalin because of the serious malaria that was prevalent there. Anyway, I always like to think that my four trips to Homalin with four 500-pound packages of good old American Picatinny TNT had something to do with the monkey-men's deciding that the malaria was too bad along the Chindwin.

My raids with "Old Exterminator" continued through May and into June. Some days I'd climb out of India through the rain clouds of the monsoon and fly on into Burma. The trip back would then be one to worry me, for I never knew exactly when to let down. Almost every day, however, if I worked my take-off time properly I'd get back from the mission as the storm clouds were breaking, and I'd have a nice, welcome hole to dive through. On other days when I wasn't so lucky, I'd just have to roll over and dive for the valley of the Brahmaputra—and that's where I always came out, or I wouldn't be here to tell about it.

Some of the flights into Burma were just a waste of gasoline; I would see nothing. It follows that I have written of the more exciting ones. There's nothing so monotonous as to fly for four hundred miles with plenty of ammunition, or sometimes for two hundred to three hundred miles with a heavy bomb attached, and find no place to drop it. I'd have to come back then, and gingerly letting down through the dark monsoon clouds, land the 500 pounds of TNT as if I had a crate of eggs aboard. After all, we didn't have bombs to waste.

Early in June I did have one exciting trip. From reports of the ferry pilots I heard that the Japs were building a bridge over the river N'umzup, some forty miles North of Myitkyina. The very afternoon the report reached me, I went over and strafed the engineers at work on the bridge. And I nearly got shot down, for the efficient Japanese had moved in their anti-aircraft with the bridge crew. When I landed at the base I helped the ground crew count the thirty small-calibre holes in my ship. My cap had one hole in it, though luckily it had not been on my head but back in the small baggage compartment of the Kittyhawk. That was pretty bad, though, for it was the only cap I had, and for months I had to wear it with all the felt torn from the crown by the Jap ground-fire. I remember that later one of the young bomber crew men asked Maj. Butch Morgan—it was when we stepped from our ships after bombing Hongkong—whether or not I'd had that cap on when the bullet went through.

I cussed about the cap and loaded the ship for another run on the bridge. As I came in from another direction this time, and very low, I saw bodies of the enemy from my first strafing, but the Japs were still working on the bridge. I strafed the working-party in two passes from different directions, so low that the anti-aircraft couldn't shoot at me effectively.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Announcement

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY announces that it's trucking subsidiary Pacific Motor Trucking Company has purchased the freight franchise of Nevada Pacific Trucking Agency and Nevada County Trucking Company as of December 1, 1944.

"P M T" will conduct regular trucking service supplementary to the rail service of Southern Pacific Company between Sacramento, Auburn and Colfax and Grass Valley and Nevada City and the intermediate and surrounding territory.

Offices and freight depot of the new operation will remain at:

Grass Valley, 123 Bank Street, Telephone 103

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The service is in charge of resident manager

Mr. V. W. Benefield and his assistant

Mr. W. J. O'Hara

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS IN GLOBAL WAR

Edward J. Hurley—

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, ITALY, Private Edward J. Hurley, whose wife ,Mary, lives on Route 1, Oustomah Road, Nevada City, has been cited by his armored infantry battalion of the 1st Armored Division and awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge for actual participation in combat against the enemy with Lieut. Gen. Mark W. Clark's Fifth Army in Italy.

Standards for the badge are high. The decoration is awarded to the infantry soldier who has proved his fighting ability in combat. The handsome badge consists of a silver rifle set against a background of infantry blue, enclosed in a silver wreath.

Will C. Kennedy—

Two letters written November 14 and 21 were received by Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kennedy from their son, William C. Kennedy now in England. Parts of the letter are as follows: Dear Mom and Dad, received your letter today and its good to hear from home. I went to an English hospital. Do not know how long I will be in it. I am not feeling so badly as yet but they will kill me off with hot tea and milk, served about eight times a day. The nurses are very nice and also the sisters treat me kindly in England. The weather is fine for a few days. (He gave no explanation of his illness to his parents.)

Well, just a few lines today to say I got out of the hospital yesterday, but don't feel too good yet. I may go back if I don't feel better in a week or two. By the way. I got your gifts today, and also a big letter. I put the gifts in my field bag for Christmas. It looks like rain today and I am not working too hard. I sat up from seven until four last night. This week I went to a show. Will keep a lookout for brothers letter and gift.

Bill Laird—

Bill Laird, U. S. marine on board of a battleship, sent his mother, Mrs. Paul Jurkovich a letter last week stating he had been in on the bombardment of Leyte with the Seventh U. S. Fleet. It was his mother's first letter in eight weeks and in this letter he stated he had received mail the first in six weeks, but it was due to war operations. He sent his mother Jap money, letter head, bulletins, wrapper of electric light globe. Bill said while it was nice to be on board ship it would be good to be able to pet a dog or even kick up the earth. The last dogs he saw were on an island in the South Pacific and no one was permitted to pet the mangy looking creatures.

Roy Granholm—

Roy Ghanholm son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ghanholm of Gold Flat, sent messages to his parents he had left the hospital recovering from injury to his face from a German bullet, and gone back on the firing lines. He is with Patton's army and after a strenuous time in knee deep mud and continuous rain his group were in a rest area. They were quartered in a hotel in a small city for a rest and little recreation. He had received 60 letters and four packages.

Bill Usrey—

Bill Usrey who is with the U. S. Navy in the Philippine war zone, suffered critical burns on his arms and body according to a letter written home to his mother by his chaplain. Bill was moved to a hospital ship. The name of his ship was not given for military reasons the chaplain stated.

Martin Vanberg's Will Is Filed

The will of the late Martin Vanberg, mining man, was filed Friday by his daughter Miss Elanor C. Vanberg, named as executrix in the instrument. Bequeathed to four sons is $1000 each, and to the daughter $1,000 and the house and furniture, where the family lived on Grove Street, Nevada City.

The four sons, to whom legacies are left are Roy F. H. Warren, Martin H. and Robert D. Vanberg. The latter is in the U. S. Army and provisions is made in the will for dividing up his share among the other heirs in event he fails to return. Two young grandchildren are left $100 each.

Listed among the properties left by the decedent is $1,064 in U. S. warrants and the Arctic Mine in the South Yuba Rover canyon above Washington, 17 miles east of this city. The value of the mine is estimated at $4.600.

PERSONALS

Frank Perri who moved in from his home upon the Tahoe Ukiah highway for the winter, three weeks ago, was down town for the first time Saturday. He suffered injuries to his back and has been confined to his room most of the time.

Gomer Hopkins of Nimrod street, who has been quite ill with an attack of flu the past week was able to be down town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Pearce and daughter of San Francisco enjoyed a week end visit here with his sister and brother in law, Mr. and Mrs. J. Jackson.

Eddie Powell and mother left Wednesday for Los Angeles to spend some time there on business.

Bill Hatch, seaman second class, has written his grandmother, Mrs. Minnie Young that he had received many letters and a number of Christmas packages. It was his first mail in a few weeks evidently his group had eben in action in the Pacific war zone, during that time.

Mrs. Nance James, who has been ill in a local hospital for three weeks, was well enough to return to her home the latter part of last week.

Banner Mt. Post, VFW Auxiliary held a most enjoyable meeting Thursday evening and ballotted on a candidate. Refreshments were enjoyed at the close of the meeting.

Mrs. Charles Meyers of San Francisco enjoyed the past week in Nevada City and was a guest at the National Hotel. She is an artist of note and has visited this city and other pioneer towns along the Mother Lode making sketches of early day buldings. She sketched the rear of the Ghidotti buildings on Sacramento Street and it is now on exhibit in San Francisco.

BANK ASSURES SERVICE MEN JOBS WAIT THEM

Virtually all staff members of the Bank of America now in the armed forces want to return to the bank when their military service is completed, according to their responses to questionnaires from the bank.

A pamphdet is now being mailed to the men, answering many points brought up by their responses, renewing the bank's pledge that reinstatement awaits them on their return and informing them their seniority has been preserved as service with the bank dates back to original employment, including time spent in the armed forces.

Some of the men showed concern over what would happen to women tellers who had been their wartime replacements. The pamphlet reveals that many of these women intend to go back to homemaking, but state also that as increased activity is expected, requiring a larger staff than before the war places will be available for those returning as well as those now on the staff who wish to make banking their permanent occupation.

As to salary, the men are assured of generous treatment, with consideration given to salary received on leaving, length of service and experience in the armed forces, prevailing salary scales at time of return and responsibilities of the position to which the men are assigned.

Mount St. Mary's Academy students and faculty at their own bond rally here, purchased $1850 worth of war bonds. A feature of the rally was a showing of battlefront movies by Lieut. Elmer Rickard, and sergeants Earl Wallace and Lawrence Kent of Camp Beale.

WITH an ordinary baking dish you lose precious food every time you transfer it to a serving dish. You lose again from serving dish to storage dish. And you lose more when it's warmed over and served up again. You probably lose at least a full helping. But see how you save with this Pyrex Double Duty casserole! You bake, serve, and store all in the same dish! You even reheat leftovers in it and use it again for serving without a single food transfer. The handy cover keeps food warm or serves as a separate pie plate. Get yours today!

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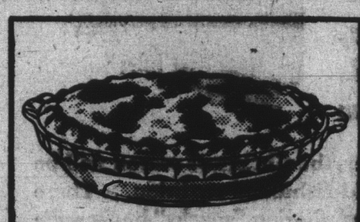

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